

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Vol. II.—No. 11.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., APRIL, 1876.

No. 23.

Threescore and Ten.

Three score and ten! How the tide rolls on,
Nearing the limitless sea!
Bearing the voyager over life's flood
To boundless eternity!
On, through childhood's sunny hours,
On, through youth with its golden flowers,
On, through manhood's ripened powers,
Till age appears,
With its crown of years,
And the time-worn mariner, sighing for rest,
Anchors at last in the port of the blest.

A Night's Mishaps to a School-Mistress.

[We have been accused sometimes of giving our paper too much of a religious caste. Therefore, to vary the matter somewhat this month, we give the following amusing little story. We laughed over it very heartily, and we have no doubt others will do likewise.]

The district school in the village of Hollythorn was taught by Miss Eva Stanley, who "boarded around" among the scholars, and was considered a paragon of a teacher. The last week previous to the holiday vacation, she had been boarding with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she expected from New York.

"You never met my brothers, Eva," she said. "There's Sam, Georgie, and Johnny the youngest; and such times as they have when they get out here to rusticate, as they call it! But, dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a lot of boys let out of school."

"There is always a regular strife for a particular room, for the bed is a spring one, and they say they don't sleep on any other in the city. But they don't get it this time, that's certain, for I intend to give you that room, and so end the controversy."

"I had just as soon occupy some other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and don't wish to incommode your brothers."

"No you shan't, Eva," peremptorily exclaimed her hostess; "and what is the use of your going home during vacation? You can stay here just as well as not, and do your sewing on my machine."

The subject was dropped, and the entire household retired early, for on the morrow the brothers, young, ardent, and full of life, were to be there. But, without sending any word of their intention, they had concluded to take the train which would land them in Hollythorn about bedtime. George and John did so, and when seated in the cars began to speculate upon the absence of Sam.

"No reason in the world why he should not have been here," said George. "I can't make it out, unless he has taken the five o'clock train by mistake."

"Not a bit of it," laughed John, who fancied he understood the entire programme. "It is most likely he took that train on purpose to get into Hannah's parlor bedroom, and make us take up with straw ticks and feathers."

"I didn't think of that, but I reckon you are right. We must contrive to get him out somehow."

The brothers put their heads together and laughed merrily over some scheme for out-witting Sam; and, accordingly, when the train reached Hollythorn, about eleven o'clock, they approached the house of their sister in a very stealthy manner. Climbing the fence in the rear, they softly opened the window and entered the house; then, removing their boots, they stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs, and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair piled up with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bedclothes. A few whispered words were exchanged, and then they lightly drew near.

"All ready," whispered George.

Quick as thought they seized upon the form of the sleeper, bedclothes and all, and bore it swiftly down

the stairs and out into the snow, and were about to deposit it into a huge drift, when a shrill scream broke the stillness of the night, and O! horror! it was that of a woman! And in their consternation they dropped their burden plump into the middle of the drift.

"Gracious!" exclaimed George; "it isn't Sam, but a woman, as I'm a sinner! and she has fainted. Run quick and call Hannah."

With admirable presence of mind, he lifted the limp form of Eva Stanley, and carried it into the house. But they had already been heard, and the inmates came rushing into the hall just as he appeared.

"George! John! for goodness sake, what does this mean, and who have you there?" asked Mrs. Carpenter, in a breath.

"Blest if I know," began George; "we thought it was Sam; so concluded to give him a douse in the snow for getting into the best bed and trying to get ahead of us. Quick! I believe she has fainted."

"Just like you!" scolded Hannah, as she assisted in depositing Eva once more in the bed from which she had been so unceremoniously taken; "beginning your tricks upon each other before you are fairly in the house. Clear out, now."

Long before she had finished her tirade, her brothers had betaken themselves down stairs, where they were amusing themselves over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" said George, rolling on the floor, and letting off peals of laughter.

"I should think it was," replied John, holding his sides. "O, my! But what is to be done about it; and who do you suppose she is, George?"

"Some guest of Hannah's, of course, and young and pretty, at that. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel particularly small and cheap; would sell myself at a very low price."

"Cheap!" cried John. "Cheap! I would actually give myself away this blessed minute, and throw something in to boot. I believe I shall dig out of this place, and get back to the city before morning. I haven't got the courage to face the music." And he began hastily putting on his boots, and would have carried the threat into execution, but for the appearance of Hannah, who at once asserted her authority.

"You are not going a single step, John. I don't wonder you feel ashamed of yourselves. What on earth possessed you is more than I can tell."

"That's right, Hannah; pitch in, scold away. I'll take any amount just now. I am as meek as a lamb. But who is it we've played so shabby a trick on?"

"Trick! I should think it was. Why, it's Eva Stanley, our school teacher, and this is her week to board here. I don't believe the poor girl will ever get over her fright. It is too bad. I shouldn't wonder if she had taken her death, being thus dragged out of a warm bed at night, and dropped in a snow drift. No wonder she cried, poor thing."

"Cried, did she?" repeated George, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just took her into my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained to her how she happened to be mistaken for Sam, and became the victim of your mad pranks."

"That was neat in you, Hannah," said George. "I am right glad you hugged the poor little thing. Wish you had given her a brotherly squeeze for me—'pon my honor, I do."

"And how on earth do you expect us to stay and take the consequences," asked John, beginning to look serious. "I am for taking myself off instantly. I had rather face a masked battery than this pretty school teacher, after making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answered his sister indignantly. "The only way to do is to stay and brave it out, and apologize for your rudeness."

"But Sam? How the mischief are we to get along with him? You know well enough, Hannah, we shall never hear the end of it from him."

"If you two can keep the secret, I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and it is a subject Eva will not care

to have discussed, and, fortunately, my husband is away from home. Go to bed, and rest contented."

She showed them the bed she had intended for them, and soon the house was once more hushed in slumber. Meanwhile their brother Sam had reached the depot a few moments too late. He found the train he was to have taken already gone, but learned that another train started two hours later, and so decided to take it. He figured to himself, as he impatiently crowded into an empty seat, how snugly his brothers had ensconced themselves in the best bed, which by right belonged to him, he being the eldest; and he consummated a plan to get even with them.

Sometime after midnight he was deposited in Hollythorn, and, reaching his sister's house, he found a way into the kitchen, where he took off his boots; then, quietly stealing up stairs, he opened the door of the best room. "Sure enough!" thought he, "my fine chaps, you are in clover!" For there were signs not to be mistaken that the room was occupied.

To think of coping with their united strength by dragging them forth was not practicable, but there stood the pitcher of water, and he knew that a good dousing with the icy fluid would quickly bring them out. So he lifted the pitcher, approached the bed, and suddenly dashed the contents upon the sleeper's head.

Such a torrent of screams as he had never before heard rang through the house, and before Sam could collect his scattering senses, Hannah, George and John rushed in, clothed in scanty apparel—Hannah, with a frightened look on her face, and a lamp in her hand, that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting in bed, with her hair dripping like a mermaid, night dress deluged, her face colorless, and looking wild, was the young school-mistress; and there was Sam, with the empty pitcher in his hand, the very picture of imbecility, staring around like an idiot at the havoc he had made. Hannah, George and John understood the position; and the latter, at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away, while she assisted the drenched and terrified girl to change her clothing, and then took her to her own room, explaining, for the second time, the mishaps of the night.

"I'll keep you with me now, my poor child," said she, though with difficulty keeping back her laughter. "Those boys are nicely come up with, at any rate; and if it wasn't for your being so terribly frightened, and the way my best bed has been used, I wouldn't care. But you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge and went down to see the boys, who, as soon as they were fairly shut in the region below, began to appreciate the joke; and now that Sam was as deep in the mud as they were in the mire, they gave no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it means," said Sam, looking in confusion at his brothers, who were rolling about in convulsions of laughter.

"Mean?" said George, holding his sides. "It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Eva Stanley's bed-chamber, who is a young lady teacher boarding here; and thinking it was your humble servant and Johnny snug in bed, you attempt to drown us out, and made a grand mistake. How do you like it, Sam?"

"I confess I see the point, but I can't see the joke. It is a most outrageous shame."

At this juncture Hannah came in, and began rating them soundly, thereby letting out the whole story. It was Sam's turn to laugh.

Miss Eva was not visible the next morning, and Hannah announced that she was sick with a severe cold. Hannah had her unruly crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction of seeing them behave with some dignity. They appeared never to forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went about on tiptoe. Sam, who seemed to take the entire responsibility upon his own shoulders, sent off slyly to New York for choice fruit and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady, with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down

stairs. She was looking quite pale, but lovely, of course; and was presented by Mrs. Carpenter to the three brothers, who behaved quite well considering the unpleasantness of their situation.

But Sam, who had broken the ice by means of his presents, was most at ease, and by virtue of his age and experience constituted himself the proprietor, and was constantly on hand to offer Miss Eva a thousand nameless attentions; and before the week was out, John declared that Sam was "done for."

"Gone under completely!" echoed George, with one of his dismal groans.

Hannah, singing Eva's praises, commended Sam's choice, and recommended marriage to all of them as the only sobering process she was acquainted with.

Sam became the happy husband of the pretty school-mistress, and she often reminds her brothers-in-law of her unceremonious introduction to a snowdrift at the dead of night, and they retaliate with the shower-bath given her by Sam.

USE OF TOADS.

The "Journal des Connaissances Medicales" states that of late years French horticulturists have followed the example of the English, and peopled their gardens with toads. These creatures, it seems, are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which, it is well known, can, in a single night, destroy a large quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. In Paris, toads are sold at the rate of 2fr. 50c. a dozen. The dealers keep them in large tubs, into which they plunge their bare hands and arms without any fear of the poisonous bite to which they expose themselves. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour, during the night, a large number of obnoxious insects.

BATS are fond of musquitos, and should therefore receive protection from all who dread those pests. A certain man keeps a bat in his bedroom for the express purpose of catching musquitos. The bat flew in at the window, and after gyrating round awhile, went into quarters behind some furniture. Every night he comes forth, circles round the room, gobbles up the flies and musquitos, and then retires to his "nest-hiding," remaining perfectly quiet. The general rule is, when an unfortunate bat enters a house after his prey, for all hands to attack him, bringing into requisition towels, handkerchiefs, papers, brushes, whisks, brooms, slippers, boots, etc., and amid screams and excitement, Mr. Bat has to vacate his feeding-ground, or fall a prey to his temerity.

SHARP.—One of the early settlers of Lyme, Conn., was Reynold Marvin. He was a rich landholder, a militia captain, and a deacon of the church. He professed to be governed by Divine communications. On one occasion he announced that the Lord had directed him to distribute his cows among the poor. A shiftless fellow who was omitted in the distribution went to the deacon and said he too had received a communication from the Lord, who had sent him there for a cow.

"Of course, then, you must have a cow," was the reply. "But what sort of a cow did the Lord say I must give you—a new milch or a farrow?"

"A new milch cow, sir?"

"Indeed! Your communication could not have been from the Lord, for I have no new milch cow."

The beggar was baffled, and departed without a cow.

A white boy meeting one of a different color, asked him what he had so short a nose for, upon which he replied: "I s'pect it's so I won't be pokin' my nose into other people's business."

South Jersey Poultry is said to be superior to any other, and has the preference in the markets, owing principally to its careful preparation. [Some of the thieves who follow poultry-stealing as a business, no doubt become very expert in preparing it.]

Wm. B. Astor, son of the late John Jacob, who recently died in New York, left an estate valued at from \$100,000,000 to \$200,000,000—a wide range. He was in his 84th year, and leaves three sons and two daughters.

A Spanish proverb runs thus:

"A woman's advice is no great thing;
But he's a fool that doesn't take."

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

We confess to a fondness for things of antiquity, and especially old books, old newspapers, etc.

Watson, in his *Annals*, says, "Old newspapers are unavoidably a kind of mirror of their age, for they bring up the very age with all its bustle and every-day occurrence, and mark its genius and its spirit, more than the most labored description of the historian. Sometimes a single advertisement incidentally 'prolongs the dubious tale.' An old paper must make us thoughtful, for we, too, shall soon pass away. There every name we read in print is already cut upon the tombstone. The names of doctors have followed their patients; the ministers their hearers; the merchants have gone after their perished ships, and the celebrated actor furnished his own scull for his successor in Hamlet."

In the days of our apprenticeship, our "boss" carried on his business at one time in a two story antiquated brick building of moderate size, at the N. E. corner of Second and Market street, which had evidently been an old printing office, and possibly occupied at one time by B. Franklin. It stood back of the larger and more modern building, and was approached through a small alley.

Whilst climbing about one day, as boys are apt to do, in this building, our eyes fell upon what appeared to be old documents of some kind, reposing quietly up on the large beam that lay upon the top of the wall, and on which the lower end of the rafters rested. Having succeeded in reaching them, they proved to be two newspapers—one called the "Pennsylvania Gazette," dated Wednesday, May 18, 1796, "Printed by Hall & Sellers, at the New Printing Office, near the Market."

This market then extended from the Court House, at Second and Market street, to about half way to Third street, afterwards gradually extended to Eighth street.

Although Franklin projected the scheme of publishing a rival paper to Wm. Bradford's "Weekly Mercury," Samuel Keimer having got wind of it, hastily issued proposals for the "Pennsylvania Gazette," and supplanted Franklin. He was not successful, however, in its publication, and at the end of a year it fell into the hands of Franklin & Meredith, who conducted it successfully for many years. These occurrences happened in the years 1728-9. Afterwards in 1747 it was published by "B. Franklin, Postmaster, and D. Hall."

In 1764, Franklin was sent to England to act as agent for the Province, and, in consequence of his thus going abroad, his interest in the "Pennsylvania Gazette" ceased, and it was continued by D. Hall at first, and by Hall & Sellers afterwards. It was suspended in 1777, when the British occupied Philadelphia, and subsequently continued till the death of Sellers, in 1804, and afterwards by others for a time.

In the building where these papers were found, undoubtedly occupied at one time by Hall & Sellers, if not by Franklin himself, previously, on the stair board partition was pasted up the following "Caution." It was very old and so tender that it could not be taken down without breaking the paper to pieces. It was therefore copied under the impression that it might have been placed there by no less a person than he whose name is attached to it, or by his direction. The words and lettering are given, *verbatim et literatim*, with the italic, only premising that it was in larger type, being about the size, in printer's parlance, of Great Primer, with the headline in about the same proportion to the other type in which we give it. According to our memorandum at the time (about 1828) the office was located back of No. 53 Market street; but it is not there now. The changes are such that we are not able positively to recognize the present location, but believe it to be in the rear of the present No. 137 Market street. There were yards then to the Second street houses, extending back to a board fence, dividing them from the narrow passage along side of the old printing-office, but the whole space seems to be built up solid now.

Caution.

All you that come this curious *Art* to see,
To handle any thing, must cautious be,
Lest, by a slight touch, ere you are aware,
That mischief may be done, you can't repair,
Lo! this advice, we give, to every stranger,
Look on, and welcome, but to touch there's danger.

B. FRANKLIN.

The other old paper thus dragged from its hiding place is the "New York Gazette, or the Weekly Post Boy," bearing date Thursday, September 22, 1763, "Printed by John Holt, late partner in this paper, and the printing business in New York, with James Parker, who has resigned that business in this city to him."

It is filled with foreign and domestic news, advertisements, etc. Among the former is the following, which goes to show that there were some ill-disposed and unhappy people a hundred years ago as well as now:

An old man who kept a public house on Portsmouth common, having a young wife, who began to be weary of him, she bought some poison, and put some into his tea; but getting up to fetch something, he took her dish instead of his own, and she drank his, which had the poison in it; but it was not strong enough to carry her out of the world, for she has overcome it.

A reporter was censured for stating there was a large and respectable meeting on a certain occasion, when, in fact, only himself and another were present. He vindicated himself by saying that he had told only the truth, as he himself was large, and other person was respectable.

ENIGMAS.

The Enigmas in our last No. brought quite a number of answers, and we are pleased to say, most of them from our own town and vicinity—among them "D. D.," "A. K. W.," "M. H." of Baltimore; "C. E. R.," "J. A." and "J. F. C."—all correct. The answers are—

1. "The Lord is my light," giving the words He, Light, Timothy, Lois, Lyre, Irid.

2. "The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is,"—giving the words Tarshish, Hannah, Leah, Israel, Daniel, Tares, Tent, Tittle, Dothan.

One of our correspondents asks for something harder than these. To oblige her and others of like mind, we give the following, from the "Asbury Park Journal." The writer says it was handed to him by an old man by the sea, with the remark: "I haint got no book larnin', and couldn't never make that there out. And afore it got torn, when I showed it to anybody they generally kinder stared at me, but never gin me no satisfaction, and I haint showed it to nobody fur the last ten year."

No. 11.] O U T O D T A L K Y
F X O U W E A T H I
T H I M B I L L L E
O F H I M E W A R E
N C I E N T H I S A
L E R I S T G A B B
L A R F R A R E G U
D W I L L A U D A N

The person furnishing the above, says: "For days I pondered and studied over it, and at last I found the key." If any of our readers can decipher it, we shall be pleased to hear from them.

The two following are new and

Written for the Haddonfield Basket.

No. 12.] CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in tar, but is not found in pitch,
My second is in water, but not in ditch,
My third is in Philip, but not in Peter,
My fourth is in sunshine, but not in heater,
My fifth is in baker, as well as in bread,
(I'm well up in the world, but not overhead;)
My sixth is in house, but is not in dwelling,
My seventh's in wonder, not in ex-celling,
And my whole to see, is a beautiful sight;
I'm seen in the daytime, but never at night. V.

No. 13.] ENIGMA.

My 1, 14, 12, 18, 21, 6, is one of the seasons.
My 3, 8, 7, 17, 13, a weapon much used in the West.
My 20, 7, 12, 4, 19, 20, is the fatherland of many of our citizens.
My 12, 15, 11, 9, is characteristic alike of boors and March weather.
My 10, 4, 7, 13, is a problem we all must solve.
My 5, 18, 10, is nothing.
My 16, 15, 6, 1, is another name for insects.
My 2, 20, 14, 9, 3, is a useful article, without which my whole could not exist.
My 12, 18, 19, 13, is the Chinese staff of life.
My whole is composed of 21 letters, and is the name of a leading "independent" newspaper.

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

Haddonfield, April 17, 1876.

The present No. of the BASKET is the last but one of its second year, and before the next number is issued, the Centennial will, we presume, be in full operation.

An Election for Commissioners of Streets and Commissioners of Appeal was held at the Town Hall in Haddonfield on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst. The result of the vote was as follows—

For Commissioners of Streets.

Samuel P. Hunt,	-	-	181
Joseph F. Kay,	-	-	180
Alfred W. Clement,	-	-	171
John A. J. Sheets,	-	-	117
Adrian C. Paul,	-	-	116
Nathan Lippincott,	-	-	91
John H. Lippincott,	-	-	78

For Commissioners of Appeal.

James White,	-	-	177
Jacob L. Rowand,	-	-	136
Richard Snowden,	-	-	114
Joshua P. Browning,	-	-	76
David Roe,	-	-	51

The first five names of those voted for Commissioners of Streets, and the three first for Commissioners of Appeal, were the successful candidates.

The FUNERAL of Mrs. Murray, wife of Rev. Mr. Murray, rector of Grace (Episcopal) Church, of this village, was largely attended on Wednesday, April 4th. Services were performed in the church, after which the funeral proceeded to Colestown, where the interment took place.

RECEPTION.—Rev. Mr. Crate, having been returned by the Conference as pastor of the Methodist Church in Haddonfield for another year, a large number of the members and friends of the church met at the parsonage on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., and gave him a hearty reception. Refreshments were provided in abundance, and it was a season of pleasant intercourse and social enjoyment. We have no report of speeches made on the occasion; but presume, if there were any, they were good and encouraging. The entertainment closed up with singing and prayer.

A Temperance Lecture was delivered in the Baptist Church in this town on Friday evening, the 7th inst., by David Tatum, of Ohio, a member of the Society of Friends. It was highly interesting, and listened to with much attention. He made the startling assertion that statistics show that to about \$200,000,000 spent for bread, there are \$250,000,000 spent for tobacco, and \$700,000,000 for intoxicating liquors! Is it any wonder that our land is overrun with fraud, violence, robbery, murder, and all kinds of fearful crime, in high and low places? He avowed that no man could be an honest or a moral man who dealt in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, as the business itself is immoral and dishonest, owing to the frauds used in concocting them, and the deleterious substances put into them to give them body and pungency. The liquor-league, he said, was powerful, and wielded so large an influence as to have no fear of the Church nor the Young Men's Christian Association, neither did they fear God nor the devil; but there was one power which they *did* fear—they feared the women! Hence they were opposed to giving them the privilege of voting at elections, as in that case a different class of men might be sent to our legislative bodies, who would interfere with their schemes, and put a check upon their traffic. He accompanied his lecture with maps of the human stomach, showing the effects of alcohol upon its coatings from the beginning to its last sad ending in destruction and delirium tremens, if persevered in.

There will be a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, under the direction of Prof. Pomerene, in the Presbyterian Church, on the 4th of May, which will, we apprehend, be something very excellent, and a rich treat for the Haddonfield people. See advertisement.

Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown propose to open their new mammoth place of business, the old depot, at 13th and Market street, on which extensive improvements and alterations are being made, with a large stock of Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

Several young men were recently arrested in Haddonfield for disturbing the congregation of the Methodist Church on Sunday evening, the 2nd inst. They were taken before Justice Clement, and the fine fixed by law, \$10, imposed upon each one. For the sake of themselves and their connections we withhold their names, trusting that the lesson they have received will learn them to respect themselves, and then they will have respect for others. Unfortunately, it sometimes happens that parents, instead of teaching their boys the propriety of conducting themselves properly under all circumstances, and reproving them for a contrary course, attempt to palliate and excuse their evil deeds, and abuse those who attempt to correct them.

CHICKEN THIEVES.—Soon after the issue of our last number, three more of our townsmen, Messrs. Wayne, Graham and N. Lippincott, had their hen-roosts depleted. A handbill was then posted up, offering \$50 reward, and subsequently another offering \$100, for information leading to the discovery and conviction of the thieves. Since then we have heard of no more depredations of this kind in the town.

Rev. R. S. Harris, a former pastor of the Methodist Church in Haddonfield, and who will be remembered by many of our townsmen as a genial and pleasant gentleman, has had a great revival in his Church at Williamstown—more than 100 having professed conversion, 96 of whom, mostly adults, have joined the church on probation.

A bill has been before the Legislature of this State for a Deaf and Dumb Institution, to be located at New Brunswick, and for an appropriation of \$200,000 to carry out the project. Also, \$140,000 for an Institution for the Feeble-minded, to be located at Bordentown. If this movement is a success, then, with the \$2,000,000 institution at Morris Plains for the insane, there would seem to be ample provision for all impotent folk in New Jersey, so that none such should be allowed to run at large, until they become troublesome and sometimes dangerous. We are surprised at the great number of these classes of people in our State. There must be something wrong about it, either in the subjects themselves or their progenitors. Can it be that rum and tobacco has something to do with it? We sometimes think that the free use of these two substances may eventually poison the human race, and reduce it to a state of idiocy, unless a check is put upon their use. It may be a question to what extent Jersey whiskey, called "lightning," and the "filthy weed," have been instrumental in bringing so many people into such a state of imbecility as to require such extensive preparations for their accommodation—the one destroying the body and the other the intellect.

Mr. John Wanamaker, President of the Young Men's Christian Association, of Philadelphia, has been sending circulars to country newspapers for publication, to warn young men not to come to the city at present in expectation of getting employment, unless they have positive engagements when they get there, as there are crowds of people out of employment, and these new comers are sometimes driven to the verge of starvation, and many have to seek the station houses, or walk the streets the whole night long. The Centennial movement has given employment to a great many, but the supply far exceeds the demand. In a statement he received from the President of the House of Correction, it is said of the 2212 admissions, no less than 1151 were self-committed.

Mr. W. has the means of knowing about these matters, and says he cannot do a kinder service to the young men outside of Philadelphia, than to urge them, for their own sakes, to remain at home.

Even in our own little business, we have frequent applications for employment, and not having it to give them, the next thing is to ask for a small sum of money to obtain something to eat; and some of these are men that would work if it could be had.

Licences in Camden hereafter are to be granted by the Courts instead of Councils, by which it is thought that there will be a great diminution of liquor-selling places.

The Camden and Atlantic Railroad Co. declared a quarterly dividend of two per cent. on both the common and preferred stock, on the 16th of March, payable from the 8th to the 15th April.

Mr. Hay, the late President of this road, in consequence of protracted illness, feeling himself unable to fulfil the duties of the office satisfactorily, resigned, and John Lucas, Esq., has been elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. Lucas is a practical and active man, and no doubt make an efficient officer. Subsequently Mr. Massey, as president pro tem, and as director, as also Mr. Colwell as director, both resigned.

The following named gentlemen now compose the Board of Directors and officers:

Andrew K. Hay, John Lucas, James B. Dayton, Enoch A. Doughty, Thomas H. Dudley, Samuel C. Cooper, William C. Allison, George T. DaCosta, John F. Starr, Freeman W. Dwight Bell.

John Lucas, President; D. M. Zimmerman, Secretary and Treasurer; F. A. Lister, Superintendent; E. W. Coffin, General Freight Agent.

Total receipts last year,	-	-	\$548,492 50
Disbursements,	-	-	428,435 14
Leaving for dividends, etc.,	-	-	120,057 36

The road is reported to be in excellent condition, and the rolling stock in perfect order.

If that little odious extra *ten cent* arrangement has not already been abolished, will not the new management see the propriety of doing so speedily? It is too small a business for a prosperous road to engage in.

We hear rumors of a new railroad to be built from Camden to Atlantic City, by certain parties, and, we believe, some preliminary steps have been taken with a view of carrying out the project. It is to be narrow gauge, as we understand. Is this merely talk? If not, what effect will it have upon the present road? It would seem to be unkind to do anything to interfere with the prosperity of the old road just when it has got into a condition to be of some value to its long-waiting and patient stockholders.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER, of Philadelphia, has recently been very considerably enlarged—the addition being equal to six long columns. The enlargement commenced with the issue of the 27th of March, being its entrance upon its 41st year. The Ledger has always been a household word with us from its earliest days, when in rivalry with THE TRANSCRIPT, published by Mr. Drane. The publishers of the Ledger were Messrs. Swain, Abell & Simmons. Mr. Abell afterwards went to Baltimore, and started the "Baltimore Sun," which became popular, and brought a fortune to the publisher. He is the only survivor of the original firm who commenced the Ledger.

After a few months, the Transcript was united with the Ledger, (hence the sub-title of "Public Ledger and Daily Transcript.") and Mr. Drane became an attaché of the Ledger office, superintending and managing its presses, and the entire machinery and mechanical department, which position he still holds. Mr. Sailer, editor of the money department, Mr. Drane, and the publisher of this paper, were, in our early days, fellow-workmen.

We have occasionally tried some of the other papers that have sprung up from time to time; but the Ledger has always been our stand-by—reliable, pithy, compact, entailing and condensing its news into as few words as possible, thus keeping its readers posted on all important subjects, and yet not taxing unnecessarily their time or patience, by long winded articles of much chaff and little substance. As a business paper, likewise, it stands among the foremost, with its crowded columns of advertisements, shipping and commercial news, editorial strictures on public matters, etc.

The present publisher, Mr. Geo. W. Childs, seems determined not only to keep it up to its past excellence, but still to be adding to its value and usefulness. We observe quite an improvement in the quality of the paper on which it is printed since its enlargement.

The great New York merchant, A. T. Stewart, who died on the 10th inst., in his 74th year, is said to have had the largest retail store in the world, consisting of eight floors, and each one having space equal to 2½ acres, or a total of 18 acres! His estate is estimated at about 100 millions of dollars.

